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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST, NO. IX.

" And all his prospects brightening to the last
" His heaven commences ere the world be past."
GOLDSMITH.

As every act that has a tendency to promote our felicity is well suited to the employment of the *Philanthropist*, I shall do myself the pleasure of presenting my readers with a short essay, designed to reconcile us to the approach of that period, which every one is inclined to regard with horror, as the parent of infirmity, the gloomy harbinger of disease and death.

In the spring of youth, the joyous season of strength and activity; we are, by nature, averse to that state which seems to preclude those exercises on which our present happiness so much depends. To the young, therefore, OLD AGE presents no appearance of pleasure, because the pleasures of old age are of such a nature, that youth cannot understand them. Youth is the happy season of health and vigour; action is its delight, and rest only desirable as a speedy recruit to its wasted powers; it is no wonder, then, that in the morning of existence we perceive no gratification in *that* mode of life which would be irksome, because deprived of that easy action which is a principal source of its most delicious enjoyments. But old age is not therefore without its pleasures. The benevolence of our universal parent has not withheld felicity from any period of life, but has diffused a portion of it through them all; which, though arising from different causes, is peculiarly appropriate to those different periods. Action to youth, Enterprise to manhood, and rest to old age.

I do not know a more interesting, a more animating sight, than the hoary veteran in the cause of virtue; the venerable old man whose head has grown grey in the service of his fellow-beings. I love to mark that countenance which, though wrinkled with the furrows of fourscore years, yet beams with " good will to men," and whose soul, firm in the hope of a happy immortality, impresses on every feature, the sweet calmness of " an evening without clouds."

It is true, age has its infirmities, but it is also true that every stage of existence has difficulties to encounter. No period of life is exempt from afflictions. Perhaps those of old age are as easily borne as those of any other period, while the joys of immortality, which are more immediately in view, present a near asylum from all its griefs, and pave a gentle descent to a peaceful grave.

The animating retrospect of a well spent life, and all the pleasures arising from a cultivated understanding, must be a rich feast in the decline of years. It may be compared to the fruits of existence, of which the early dawnings of virtue were but the blossoms.

I shall forbear saying any thing further on this subject, in order to introduce to my readers, what will be more interesting, an extract from the writings of the celebrated Dr. Paley.

" It is not for youth alone," says he, " that the great parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm chair of dozing age, as well as in the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chace. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds what in no inconsiderable degree is an equivalent for them all—" perception of ease." Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degree of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest, whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. The same perception of ease often times renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. I am far from thinking that youth is the happiest season, much less the only happy one. As a christian, I am willing to believe that there is a great deal of truth in the following representation, given by a very pious writer: " To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetites, of well regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed as it were on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal and ever encreasing favour."

A.

For the Evening Fire-side.

TO PHILOPOETICUS.

Peerless bard! whose lofty spirit
Through thy deep despair appears;
Whose superior claim to merit,
Shines amid thy trickling tears.

Shall a humble friend address thee,
Mix condolence with thy grief;
While the hands of care oppress thee,
Shall he give thy soul relief?

I am no poetic *panderer*,
Yet I feel the dreadful shock,—
Like some poor desponding *ganderer*,
Robb'd of his attending flock.

While I see thy bosom swelling,
With those dreadful *deaf'ning sighs*,
All the dreams of joy dispelling,
Fearful phantoms round me rise.

I like thee, have sometimes rambled,
Where the sacred nine repose;—
I like thee, have often gambol'd,
Through the humbler walks of prose.

I like thee, still feel desire,
To pursue these paths again;
Still I feel Parnassian fire,
Roll through every tingling vein.

But averse to all our wishes,
ARIEL comes to wake our fear!
Would, he had been prey to fishes,
Ere again he ventur'd here.

Selfish foe! to harmless pleasure,
He each warbling bard annoys;
Locks from us the muses treasure,
All our promis'd fame destroys.

If his heart could boast of feeling,
He would never make this fuss;
For it is beyond concealing,
"Sport to him,—but death to us."

SCOURGE.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO ****.

The actions of our lives, even those we call most important, seem as much subject to trifles, as our very lives themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. It is however in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and disconcert the other. It is with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped in the midst of its rapidity, by the interposition of straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish, will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don Pedro **** was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. It was his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened as he one day sat in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if any natural object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so proper an habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the centre. He observed the road by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work within. He was at once surprised and pleased with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: and he often would declare it was this trivial incident, that gave him a relish for that study, which he afterwards pursued with such application and success.

He spent in short so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice to complete the fame of his abilities. That in short was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing, what had been so successful in imagination, and to make those moral sallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by testimony of his friends, his qualifications for the post he sought; and, on the first delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity: little agreeable to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominate when it is least perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we and our reason grow subservient, and, instead of checking or contradicting, it stoops to flatter and to authorize it. Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste encreased his sensibility; and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the soonest apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was into very unwarrantable schemes.

He had in brief conceived a project, to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended within a few days, to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. It were impossible to answer for the possible events, that might destroy their hopes of such an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without some particular interposition of fortune, been attended with success—But fortune did not put herself to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along, and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble and overturn an ants' nest. He cast his eyes upon the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spyed the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of sentiment, to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect upon the consequence. It might be an age, to them, ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile, to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations. Yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings, to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprize, with an eye to such a race of beings. He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition, and vain-glory of an ant would, to himself. How ridiculous, he said, must this republic appear to me, could I discern its actions, as it has probably many that are analogous to those of human nature! Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one, that had acquired a few sands more to his portion—as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley flour—should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord it, un-

controuled. Conſider him, on this account, not contented to make uſe of the numerous legs with which nature has ſupplied him, borne aloft by a couple of ſlaves within the hollow of an huſk of wheat, five or ſix others, at the ſame time, attending ſolemnly upon the proceſſion. — Suppoſe laſtly, that among this people, the prime miniſter ſhould perſuade the reſt to levy war upon a neighbouring colony; and this in order to be ſtyled the ſovereign of two hillocks, inſtead of one; while, perhaps, their preſent condition leaves them nothing to wiſh beſides ſuperfluities. At the ſame time it is in the power of the moſt inconſiderable among mankind, nay of any ſpecies of animals ſuperior to their own, to deſtroy at once the miniſter and people all together: this is doubtleſs very ridiculous; yet this is doubtleſs my own caſe, in reſpect to many ſubordinate beings, and very certainly of the Supreme one. Farewell then, ye air-built citadels! farewell, viſions of unſolid glory! Don Pedro will ſeek no honour of ſo equivocal an acceptation, as to degrade his character to a ſuperior ſpecies, in proportion as it exalts him before his own.

See here a juſt concluſion! in ſhort, he found it ſo fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimſical relation it may be well enough obſerved, that a ſpider had enſlaved the world, had not an ant obſtructed his deſign.

[*Shenſtone.*]

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To all whom it may concern.

Has our champion got the phthisick?
  Has he broke his "ſounding ſhell?"—
Is he yet a little ſea-ſick,
  Or depreſs'd by "wizard-ſpell?"

Tho' misfortunes round him lour,
  We'll not give our poet o'er;
Chance in ſome propitious hour,
  May his energies reſtore.

See how public eſtimation
  Is beginning to decline;
See the eye of expectation,
  Scanning ſtanzas line by line.

Let it be our conſtant pray'r,
  That our poet ſoon may mend:—
Let it be our ſtudious care,
  Public cenſure to ſuſpend.

Let us to revive his ſpirits,
  Of his former proweſs boaſt;
And enlarge upon our merits,
  Or our favourite bard is loſt.

Once he wrote with matchleſs ſkill,
  Poor in purſe—but rich in ſong;
As he graſp'd his potent quill,
  Terror ſeiz'd the ſcribbling throng.

Fond of empty ſounds, *if martial*;*
  Vain, preſumptuous, *poor* and proud;
To Hibernian figures partial,
  And in declamation loud.

When his Minions "ſcour the plain,"
  Commonſenſe deſerts the field;
When a notion ſtrikes his brain,
  Language, meaſure, *all* muſt yield.

If he writes for mere diverſion—
  If he writes for honeſt fame;
If his object is aſperſion,
  Still his verſes are the ſame.

Full of ſound—and void of ſenſe,
  Full of vanity and ſhow;
"Quibbling ſons of vain pretence,"
  Dare ye face this mighty foe?

Ye who oft have ſenſe perverted,
  Liſten to a friendly call;
Ceaſe—for if you're not ſubverted,
  "Satire's *ebafts* ſhall *ſhame* you all."

Tho' his glory ſeems to fade,
  Words *his* proweſs can't expreſs,
Who by †"Memory's power pourtray'd,
  Scenes of future happineſs."

Pardon me for this intruſion,
  Hero of the "ſounding ſhell;"
To thy foes I wiſh confuſion,
  And ſucceſs to ARIEL!

PHILOPOPTICUS.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

In an age wherein a large part of profeſſing chriſtians are principally occupied with the purſuits of wealth, or its attendant luxuries, the firſt principles, as well as the firſt conflicts of its eſtabliſhment are often overlooked. In peruſing Fox's Book of Martyrs, I was ſtruck with the thought, how much more mankind have been diſpoſed to celebrate diſtinguiſhed characters, who have been the great heroes of the deſtruction of mankind, than thoſe pious veterans, who have ſo fought under the conquering banner of the Lamb, as to ſurrender all up to his diſpoſal, and who "loved not their lives unto the death." *Rev.* xii. 11.

And I believed there was yet a deſcription of people amongſt us, who, if the thought was ſuggeſted, would prefer recalling to memory the ſufferings and death of thoſe pious worthies, in the name of their offſpring; than to commemorate ſuch as have tyrannized over mankind; or to create confuſion by multiplying the ſame name in one family. To this end, I have ſelected ſome of the handſomeſt names who were early ſufferers, with a ſketch of their hiſtory, for the more buſy part of mankind, who may be diſpoſed to look over a weekly paper, and are but too ſeldom converſant with the memorable records of Fox the martyrologiſt, and other documents of authentic church hiſtory.

Symphoroſa, a pious widow in the ſecond century, with her ſeven ſons, ſuffered martyrdom for refuſing to ſacrifice to heathen deities. *Eugenius*, the youngeſt, was ſawed aſunder, the others ſuffering in different ways. *Ignatius*, biſhop of Antioch, for boldly vindicating the faith of Chriſt before the Emperor, was tormented and deſtroyed. It is ſaid he was the perſon whom, when a child, Chriſt took in his arms and ſhewed to his diſciples. *Felicitatus*, an illuſtrious Roman lady of conſiderable family and the moſt ſhining virtues, was a devout chriſtian, who, with her ſeven ſons, ſuffered martyrdom in the 4th perſecution; as did alſo *Juſtin*, the celebrated philoſopher; and *Marcellus*, for his fidelity to the chriſtian religion. *Julius*, a Roman Senator, a convert to chriſtianity, ordered by the Emperor Commodus, in A. D. 190, to ſacrifice unto him as Hercules, on refuſal, was beat to death with cudgels. *Felicitas* and *Cecilia*, married women, ſuffered death in a cruel manner for their religion. *Agapetus*, a boy of Prænеſte, in Italy, of fifteen years of age, endured a cruel death for not ſacrificing to idols; being ſeverely ſcourged, hanged up by his feet, and boiling water poured over him; and afterwards worried by wild beaſts, and beheaded. *Martinus*, a noble and beautiful virgin, ſuffered martyrdom for the ſake of Chriſt, being variouſly tortured, and afterwards beheaded. *Julian*, of Celicia, after the infliction of many cruelties, was put into a leather bag with ſerpents and ſcorpians, and caſt into the ſea. *Theodora*, a beautiful young woman of Antioch, on refuſing to ſacrifice to the Roman idols, was condemned to a cruel death. *Origen* was condemned to ſuffer lingering cruelties, which he endured with unſhaken firmneſs: but the emperor Decius dying, he was releaſed, and ſurvived his ſufferings. He was the celebrated preſbyter and catechiſt of Alexandria. *Rufina* was the beautiful and accompliſhed daughter of a diſtinguiſhed Roman, and deſigned in marriage for a young nobleman. On the eighth general perſecution under the Roman Emperors breaking out, her lover departed from his religion to eſcape ſuffering, and endeavoured to prevail on her ſo to do, but failing in the attempt, he informed againſt her, and ſhe was beheaded. *Lawrentius*, called St. Lawrence, by his aſtoniſh-

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* Such as wielding bows and ſcouring plains.
† See ARIEL's farewell.

ing conſtancy and ſerenity of countenance, while under excruciating torments, gave the ſpectators ſo exalted an idea of the dignity and truth of the chriſtian religion, that many became converts upon the occaſion.

After lying for ſome time on his burning bed, the martyr called out to the emperor, who was preſent, in a kind of jocoſe diſtich, extempore,

This ſide enough is toaſted,
Then tyrant turn and eat;
See whether raw or roaſted,
I ſeem the better meat.

Romanus, a ſoldier, was one of the converts produced by his ſufferings, who ſuffered martyrdom, as alſo *Hypolitus*. *Cypsian*, Biſhop of Carthage, was an eminent prelate, and a pious ornament of the church. The brightneſs of his genius was tempered by the ſolidity of his judgment; and with all the accompliſhments of the gentleman, he blended the virtues of the chriſtian. His doctrine was orthodox and pure; his language eaſy and elegant, and his manners graceful and winning: In fine, he was both the pious and polite preacher. He was beheaded A. D. 258.

Maxima and *Secunda*, virgins, had gall and vinegar given them to drink; were ſeverely ſcourged, tormented on a gibbet, rubbed with lime, ſcorched on a gridiron, worried by wild beaſts, and at length beheaded. *Portius*, after being tormented, ſuffered death. *Marcus*, a native of Rome of noble deſcent, being inſtructed in the principles of chriſtianity by his tutors, was ſeverely tortured and beheaded.

A. D. 286, a legion of chriſtian ſoldiers were deſtroyed by the emperor Maximian's order, by the reſt of his army. *Alban* was the firſt Britiſh martyr, who, ſheltering a chriſtian eccleſiaſtic, became converted by him, and afterwards, giving himſelf up to the purſuers of the latter, was ſcourged and beheaded.

Sebaſtian was a celebrated martyr. He remained a true chriſtian in the midſt of idolatry; unallured by the ſplendours of a court, untainted by evil examples, and uncontaminated by the hopes of preferment. Eſteemed by the moſt eminent, beloved by his equals, and admired by his inferiors. In the time of the emperor Diocleſian, after mature conſideration, the chriſtians believed it unlawful to bear arms under a heathen, for theſe reaſons:

1. That they were thereby frequently under the neceſſity of profaning the chriſtian ſabbath.

2. That they were obliged, with the reſt of the army, frequently to be preſent at idolatrous ſacrifices, before the temples of idols.

3. That they were compelled to follow the imperial ſtandards, which were dedicated to heathen deities, and bear their repreſentations.

Vitus, a Cicilian of conſiderable family, was inſtructed in the chriſtian religion by his nurſe: his virtues increaſed with his years; his conſtancy ſupported him under afflictions, and his faith was ſuperior to the greateſt perils. He was apprehended as a chriſtian, on information of his father, when little more than twelve years of age, who had in vain ſtrove to turn him to Paganiſm, and, diſappointed, loſt all his feelings as a parent, and became thus acceſſary to his death, in 303; *Creſcentia*, his nurſe, ſuffering martyrdom at the ſame time. *Victor*, a pious chriſtian of Marſeilles, in France, was deſtroyed by cruelty the ſame year.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE REVERIE.

The Sun's reflection from the weſtern ſky,
Now ſmiles adieu to valley, grove and rill;
His ſetting beams awhile delight the eye,
Then gradual fade beyond the miſty hill.

Pale Cynthia now aſſumes her ſilver throne,
While loſt in ſplendor fades the tinge blue;
No ſound is heard, but zephyr ſighs alone,
As from his wing he ſhakes the falling dew.

Now all ſerene, appears the diſtant deep,
While ſcarcely ſtirs the breezes whiſp'ring breath,
On every ſide ſee drowſy nature ſleep,
In ſilence deep as is the reign of death.

Beſide yon ſtream on which the moon-beams play,
On yonder hill which overlooks the main;
When Fancy calls, I often love to ſtray,
To give free ſcope to her fantaſtic train.

I to the hallow'd ſpot again repair,
Once more ſhall Fancy's ardour-beaming eye,
Dwell on her ſportive images of air,
Or pierce the clouds that veil futurity.

Perhaps like me, beneath this cypreſs ſhade,
Some hopeleſs ſon of Sorrow erſt reclin'd;
And while this turf, his lonely ſeat was made,
Some wild vagary fill'd his anxious mind.

Here, while his ſighs were borne upon the breeze,
Would of his wayward deſtiny complain,
And to the moon that glitter'd thro' the trees,
Would tell the plaintive ſtory of his pain.

How niggard fortune had with envious hand,
Each fairy wreath of wealth and pleaſure torn;
And how a cruel father's ſtern command,
Compell'd him ſtill a hapleſs love to mourn.

Or how ſtern death, had nipp'd in early youth,
That life, where center'd all his earthly peace;
Had render'd vain, their mutual vows of truth,
And rous'd him from his dream of fancied bliſs.

Or how perchance his miſtreſs faithleſs prov'd,
And held his humble, modeſt love in ſcorn;
And while he thought himſelf her beſt belov'd,
Some happier ſwain from him the prize had borne.

But now thy gentle ſpirit is at reſt,
Nor fate, nor fortune, more thy peace betray;
No more ſhall grief diſturb thine anxious breaſt,
Nor Beauty's ſmiles thy fancy lead aſtray.

No more ſhalt thou frequent the lonely ſhade,
When evening bids the varied ſcene be ſtill;
No more when on thy ſilent pillow laid,
Shall Delia's form thy raptur'd fancy fill.

If death remov'd her from thy fond embrace,
No more ſhalt thou her grave with tears bedew;
If Fortune croſs'd thy choſen path to peace,
'Tis now forgot beneath the funeral yew.

If from the cruel damſel's ſcorn alone,
Each gloomy care that fill'd thy boſom came;
Perhaps that now, thou art forever gone,
She may with grief recall thy hapleſs name.

The diſtant clock, now breaks my reverie,
Farewell thou airy dream of fancy wild;
But at this ſpot, I'll oft revert to thee,
When Cynthia's light ſhall gild the evening mild.

ALPIN.

Extracted from American Letters.

The French and Engliſh, though nothing ſeparates theſe haughty rivals but a narrow channel, in one place no more than twenty miles over, agree in nothing but the human form, and even that is varied into light and dark—plump and ſpare—grave and gay.

One ſkims the ocean like a fiſh-hawk—the other flies over the earth like a vulture. If one is all-powerful at ſea, the other is invincible by land: but they are both equally bold and fierce—equally oppreſſive and rapacious, and during the ſhort intervals of national wars, One is *a French Dog* at London—the Other *un Diable d'Anglois* at Paris.

Yet a Foreigner in France is not reminded that he is an outlandiſh figure, even by a look of curioſity, much leſs a ſtare of impertinence, whilſt in England, *Paddy* is a ready nick-name for an Iriſhman—*Taffy* for a Welſhman, and *Sawney* for a Scot. And a ſtranger from any part of Europe is generally with the populace *a French Dog*, though he may ſometimes be diſtinguiſhed as *a Spaniſh Baboon*, or *a High Dutch Boor*.

Both the Engliſh and the French, however, notwithſtanding their frequent wars, reſpect each other as much as they undervalue other nations.

In both countries each readily gives the ſecond place to the other, like the commanders at Salamis, each of whom aſcribed the victory in the firſt place to himſelf—in the ſecond to Themiſtocles.

An Engliſhman loves tea and roaſt beaf; a Frenchman prefers ſoup and ragouts. One often gets drunk; the other never. One is civil and reſerved; the other familiar and polite. One will refuſe a favour that is aſked; the other will aſk one that ought not to be granted. One keeps his ſervants at a reſpectful diſtance; the other is as familiar with them as if they were his equals. Accordingly, an Engliſh Waiter will ſerve you with the moſt ſcrupulous attention, without ſpeaking a work; a French Garçon, on the contrary, will talk to you all the time he waits, and forget to bring what you order.

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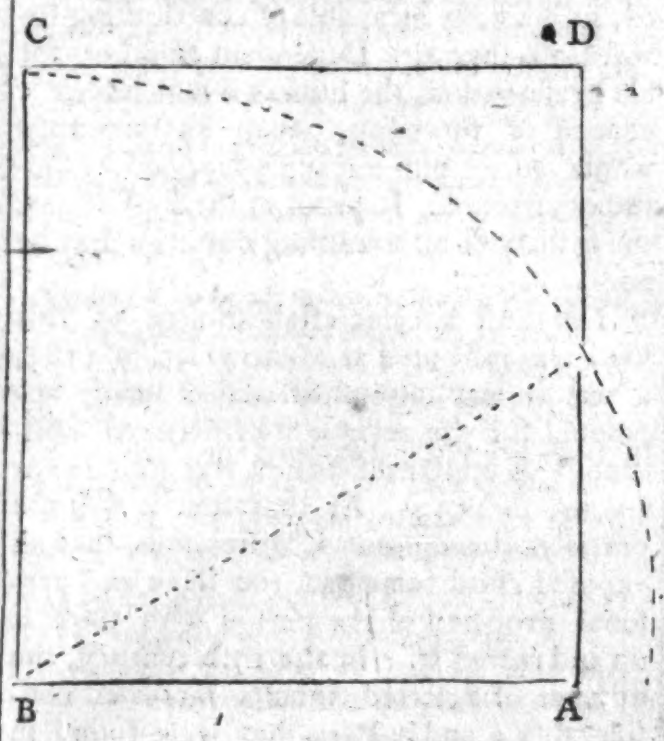
A puzzling tale of late invention,
'Bout Rachel's *eggs* and David's *log*.
Which had fall'n headlong in a bog:
And how with grave and "lengthen'd" viſage,
And talents bright for lad of his age,
"Young David" quickly calculated
The number of the eggs (as ſtated
In No. 7. of Volume 2d):
And how with eaſe his Rachel reckon'd,
The contents of the log aforeſaid;
'Bout which there is a great deal more ſaid,
In bold *Heroi-Comic* verſe,
Than time permits me to rehearſe.

So for the ſake of expedition,
I'll make but little more addition—
But juſt propound to H. a queſtion,
(Which of the *three* I'm *ſure's* the beſt one
And needs more mathematic lore,
Than H has e'er diſplayed before;)
To wit—I have an *oblong* meadow,
In which my horſe I ſometimes tether:
Its ſide A B, is *fore-ſcore* feet;
Its corners all *right angles* neat;
My horſe I tie at corner B,
With line as long as ſide B C,
If you this line for *radius* take,
And corner B. the *centre* make;
You'll find the *circle* will divide,
In *equal parts* the other ſide
A D.—My *data* now are ſhown;
I pray you make the *contents* known.

OBADIAH GUNTER.

Logarithm-Town, March 10.



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I take the liberty of addreſſing to you the following communication, from a perſuaſion that you will not conſider it unworthy a place in your paper, or unintereſting to the maſs of your readers. On every ſubject truth is a deſirable point of attainment; but where the queſtion is important, involving in its iſſue the intereſts of the community, it may without apology be offered to the public attention.

In the early part of laſt year, a propoſal for erecting a foundling hoſpital was laid before the public, ſupported by names of great reſpectability; and, if I am not miſtaken, a ſociety was inſtituted for carrying the ſcheme into effect, and officers proviſionally appointed.

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ing conſtancy and ſerenity of countenance, while under excruciating torments, gave the ſpectators ſo exalted an idea of the dignity and truth of the chriſtian religion, that many became converts upon the occaſion.

After lying for ſome time on his burning bed, the martyr called out to the emperor, who was preſent, in a kind of jocoſe diſtich, extempore,

This ſide enough is toaſted,
Then tyrant turn and eat;
See whether raw or roaſted,
I ſeem the better meat.

Romanus, a ſoldier, was one of the converts produced by his ſufferings, who ſuffered martyrdom, as alſo *Hypolitus*. *Cypsian*, Biſhop of Carthage, was an eminent prelate, and a pious ornament of the church. The brightneſs of his genius was tempered by the ſolidity of his judgment; and with all the accompliſhments of the gentleman, he blended the virtues of the chriſtian. His doctrine was orthodox and pure; his language eaſy and elegant, and his manners graceful and winning: In fine, he was both the pious and polite preacher. He was beheaded A. D. 258.

Maxima and *Secunda*, virgins, had gall and vinegar given them to drink; were ſeverely ſcourged, tormented on a gibbet, rubbed with lime, ſcorched on a gridiron, worried by wild beaſts, and at length beheaded. *Portius*, after being tormented, ſuffered death. *Marcus*, a native of Rome of noble deſcent, being inſtructed in the principles of chriſtianity by his tutors, was ſeverely tortured and beheaded.

A. D. 286, a legion of chriſtian ſoldiers were deſtroyed by the emperor Maximian's order, by the reſt of his army. *Alban* was the firſt Britiſh martyr, who, ſheltering a chriſtian eccleſiaſtic, became converted by him, and afterwards, giving himſelf up to the purſuers of the latter, was ſcourged and beheaded.

Sebaſtian was a celebrated martyr. He remained a true chriſtian in the midſt of idolatry; unallured by the ſplendours of a court, untainted by evil examples, and uncontaminated by the hopes of preferment. Eſteemed by the moſt eminent, beloved by his equals, and admired by his inferiors. In the time of the emperor Diocleſian, after mature conſideration, the chriſtians believed it unlawful to bear arms under a heathen, for theſe reaſons:

1. That they were thereby frequently under the neceſſity of profaning the chriſtian ſabbath.

2. That they were obliged, with the reſt of the army, frequently to be preſent at idolatrous ſacrifices, before the temples of idols.

3. That they were compelled to follow the imperial ſtandards, which were dedicated to heathen deities, and bear their repreſentations.

Vitus, a Cicilian of conſiderable family, was inſtructed in the chriſtian religion by his nurſe: his virtues increaſed with his years; his conſtancy ſupported him under afflictions, and his faith was ſuperior to the greateſt perils. He was apprehended as a chriſtian, on information of his father, when little more than twelve years of age, who had in vain ſtrove to turn him to Paganiſm, and, diſappointed, loſt all his feelings as a parent, and became thus acceſſary to his death, in 303; *Creſcentia*, his nurſe, ſuffering martyrdom at the ſame time. *Victor*, a pious chriſtian of Marſeilles, in France, was deſtroyed by cruelty the ſame year.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE REVERIE.

The Sun's reflection from the weſtern ſky,
Now ſmiles adieu to valley, grove and rill;
His ſetting beams awhile delight the eye,
Then gradual fade beyond the miſty hill.

Pale Cynthia now aſſumes her ſilver throne,
While loſt in ſplendor fades the tinge blue;
No ſound is heard, but zephyr ſighs alone,
As from his wing he ſhakes the falling dew.

Now all ſerene, appears the diſtant deep,
While ſcarcely ſtirs the breezes whiſp'ring breath,
On every ſide ſee drowſy nature ſleep,
In ſilence deep as is the reign of death.

Beſide yon ſtream on which the moon-beams play,
On yonder hill which overlooks the main;
When Fancy calls, I often love to ſtray,
To give free ſcope to her fantaſtic train.

I to the hallow'd ſpot again repair,
Once more ſhall Fancy's ardour-beaming eye,
Dwell on her ſportive images of air,
Or pierce the clouds that veil futurity.

Perhaps like me, beneath this cypreſs ſhade,
Some hopeleſs ſon of Sorrow erſt reclin'd;
And while this turf, his lonely ſeat was made,
Some wild vagary fill'd his anxious mind.

Here, while his ſighs were borne upon the breeze,
Would of his wayward deſtiny complain,
And to the moon that glitter'd thro' the trees,
Would tell the plaintive ſtory of his pain.

How niggard fortune had with envious hand,
Each fairy wreath of wealth and pleaſure torn;
And how a cruel father's ſtern command,
Compell'd him ſtill a hapleſs love to mourn.

Or how ſtern death, had nipp'd in early youth,
That life, where center'd all his earthly peace;
Had render'd vain, their mutual vows of truth,
And rous'd him from his dream of fancied bliſs.

Or how perchance his miſtreſs faithleſs prov'd,
And held his humble, modeſt love in ſcorn;
And while he thought himſelf her beſt belov'd,
Some happier ſwain from him the prize had borne.

But now thy gentle ſpirit is at reſt,
Nor fate, nor fortune, more thy peace betray;
No more ſhall grief diſturb thine anxious breaſt,
Nor Beauty's ſmiles thy fancy lead aſtray.

No more ſhalt thou frequent the lonely ſhade,
When evening bids the varied ſcene be ſtill;
No more when on thy ſilent pillow laid,
Shall Delia's form thy raptur'd fancy fill.

If death remov'd her from thy fond embrace,
No more ſhalt thou her grave with tears bedew;
If Fortune croſs'd thy choſen path to peace,
'Tis now forgot beneath the funeral yew.

If from the cruel damſel's ſcorn alone,
Each gloomy care that fill'd thy boſom came;
Perhaps that now, thou art forever gone,
She may with grief recall thy hapleſs name.

The diſtant clock, now breaks my reverie,
Farewell thou airy dream of fancy wild;
But at this ſpot, I'll oft revert to thee,
When Cynthia's light ſhall gild the evening mild.

ALPIN.

Extracted from American Letters.

The French and Engliſh, though nothing ſeparates theſe haughty rivals but a narrow channel, in one place no more than twenty miles over, agree in nothing but the human form, and even that is varied into light and dark—plump and ſpare—grave and gay.

One ſkims the ocean like a fiſh-hawk—the other flies over the earth like a vulture. If one is all-powerful at ſea, the other is invincible by land: but they are both equally bold and fierce—equally oppreſſive and rapacious, and during the ſhort intervals of national wars, One is *a French Dog* at London—the Other *un Diable d'Anglois* at Paris.

Yet a Foreigner in France is not reminded that he is an outlandiſh figure, even by a look of curioſity, much leſs a ſtare of impertinence, whilſt in England, *Paddy* is a ready nick-name for an Iriſhman—*Taffy* for a Welſhman, and *Sawney* for a Scot. And a ſtranger from any part of Europe is generally with the populace *a French Dog*, though he may ſometimes be diſtinguiſhed as *a Spaniſh Baboon*, or *a High Dutch Boor*.

Both the Engliſh and the French, however, notwithſtanding their frequent wars, reſpect each other as much as they undervalue other nations.

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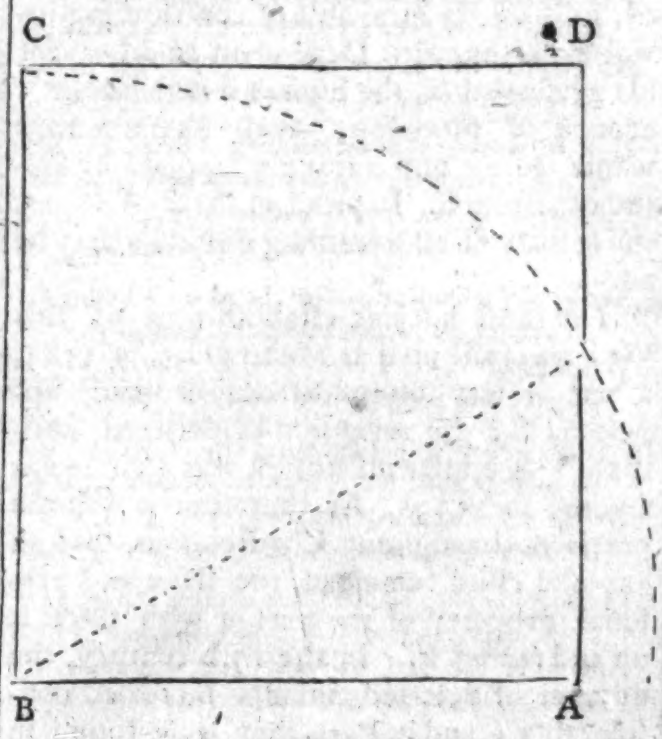

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the delay has been a happy one. The contributions of the humane may ſurely be better directed, than in ſupporting a ſyſtem which in other countries has been found productive of evil, inſtead of advantage; converting hoſpitals into charnel-houſes, and diſſolving the ties of parental affection.

D.

From the Philadelphia Medical Museum.

On the inexpediency of erecting Foundling-Hoſpitals.

"Down then with Foundling-Hospitals, more noxious than peſtilence and famine."

KAMES.

In the diſtribution of private charity, the individual is influenced by motives of humanity, or ſome momentary impulſe, and in this propenſity he may ſafely be indulged; for although oſtentation, or the deſire of getting rid of clamorous importunities, and removing diſguſting impoſtors, may ſometimes induce us to throw away what would have afforded effectual relief to objects more deſerving of aſſiſtance, yet private charity will ſeldom be ſo conſiderable or promiſcuous as to become a public evil. Beſides, that attention and ſympathy which commonly accompany individual charity, more effectually command the gratitude, and improve the morals of the relieved, than the moſt liberal allowance from a fund on which they have a real or imaginary claim. But public charity requires the moſt active ſuperintendence, and the moſt unceaſing vigilance, to prevent it from becoming a public burden, and a public nuiſance. The delight we experience in indulging the feelings of humanity, the approbation of our fellow-citizens, and the appearance of utility in public inſtitutions, often induce us to ſquander immenſe ſums, for which no adequate benefit reſults to the community. As the various and numerous diſtreſſes of the poor far exceed any funds which could be collected for their relief, whatever is not applied in the beſt poſſible manner is miſapplied, and therefore, in their diſtribution, partial humanity muſt be totally diſregarded, and public utility alone conſulted. The firſt object of charity, in all inſtances, is to perform the greateſt good with the leaſt means; whenever, therefore, a public inſtitution relieves any of the diſtreſſes of the poor more effectually and economically than if they were individually aſſiſted, and whenever the relief granted holds forth no temptation to increaſe the number of thoſe applying for it, or in the moſt diſtant way to encourage vice or idleneſs, then are public inſtitutions truly uſeful. Of this kind are almoſt all the inſtitutions for the relief of the diſeaſes and infirmities of the poor. No man will break a limb, becauſe there is an hoſpital in which it will be ſet, nor will any man become deranged, becauſe there exiſts a lunatic aſylum for his reception. On the contrary, public inſtitutions, whoſe objects might be more effectually and economically obtained by individual aſſiſtance, are at leaſt hurtful; and when they hold forth a temptation to increaſe the number of applicants, and to encourage vice and idleneſs, they become pernicious. On theſe principles, foundling hoſpitals have been already condemned by enlightened philoſophers. "Of all the miſchiefs," ſays Lord Kames, "which have been engendered by over-anxiety about the poor, none have proved more fatal than foundling hoſpitals."

The principal intention of foundling hoſpitals is to preſerve and educate, as uſeful citizens, children which might otherwiſe periſh from neglect or actual violence. Let us examine how far they attain this end. Children are moſt commonly deſerted ſoon after birth; for maternal affection is not yet confirmed by habit, and at that time only can the hopes of concealment act as a motive; when children, at that tender age, are entruſted to the care of the community, the difficulty of rearing them is immenſe. What a feeble, helpleſs being is man at his entrance into this world! with a frame tender and delicate, and a mind ſcarcely yet awakened, he is totally incapable of contributing towards his ſupport. Dependent on others for his preſervation, the human infant has little chance of ſurviving, when its numerous wants are not unremittingly ſupplied by maternal affection. In proof of theſe aſſertions, the hiſtory of all foundling hoſpitals may be adduced.

The moſt ancient eſtabliſhment of this kind was inſtituted at Montpellier, in 1181, a part of the hoſpital St. Eſprit being appointed for the reception of deſtitute children. A ſimilar inſtitution was founded at Lyons, in 1533. At that time it was the practice throughout Chriſtendom, that an expoſed child remained the ſlave and perſonal property of the perſon who took it up and reared it. In the 17th century, the number of deſerted infants increaſed conſiderably; and in Paris they were found in the ſtreets helpleſs, and left to the mercy of thoſe who choſe to lift them. Their miſerable fate, about 1638, excited the compaſſion of a rich widow, who cauſed them to be brought to her, and reared them in her houſe. For a time, this, like other undertakings of the ſame kind, was attended with ſucceſs; but the moſt ſhocking abuſes ſoon crept in. Her ſervants diſpoſed of theſe children at a fixed price. Many of them were ſold to beggars, who, by diſlocating their joints, and otherwiſe maiming them, endeavoured to increaſe the profits of their ſcandalous trade. In 1640, Louis XIII. to correct theſe and other flagrant abuſes, founded the foundling hoſpital at Paris, the moſt dreadful ſcene of butchery, ſays Girtanner, the world ever ſaw. Liancourt, in his report to the National Aſſembly, aſſerts, that of the children admitted, two-thirds died during the firſt month; and of theſe, three-fifths before they were given to nurſe. Of 101,000 children admitted in the preceding 16 years, in 1790 only 15,000 remained. Before the ſecond of George III. the mortality in the London work-houſes was equally great: and Mr. Hanway mentions inſtances of every child received under a twelvemonth dying within the year. In 1791, Sir John Blaquiere ſtated to the Houſe of Commons of Ireland, that of 19,420 infants admitted into the foundling hoſpital of Dublin during the laſt ten years, 17,440 were dead or unaccounted for; and that of 2180 admitted during 1790, only 187 were then alive. In 1797, he got a committee of the ſame houſe appointed to inquire into the ſtate and management of that inſtitution. They gave in their report on the 8th of May, 1797; by which it appeared that within the quarter ending the 25th of March laſt, 540 children were received into the hoſpital, of whom, in the ſame ſpace of time, 450 died: that, in the laſt quarter, the official report of the hoſpital ſtated the deaths at three; while the actual number was found to be 203; that from the 25th March to 13th April, nineteen days, 116 infants were admitted; of which number there died 112. Within the laſt ſix years there were admitted 12,786; died in that time 12,651; ſo that in ſix years, only 135 children were ſaved to the public and to the world. In the Charité of Berlin, where ſome enjoyed the advantage of being born in the houſe, and of being ſuckled by their mothers ſix weeks, ſcarcely a fourth part ſurvived one month. Every child born in the Hotel Dieu of Paris, was ſeized with a kind of malignant aphtha, called *le muguet*, and not one ſurvived who remained in the houſe. At Grenoble, of every 100 received, 25 died during the firſt year; at Lyons, 36; at La Rochelle, 50; at Munich, 57; and at Montpellier, even 60. At Caſſel, only 1 out of 741 lived 14 years. In Rouen, one in 27 reached manhood, but half of the

in ſo miſerable a ſtate, that of 108 only two could be ſaid to be added to the uſeful population. In Vienna, notwithſtanding the princely income of the hoſpital, ſcarcely one in 19 is preſerved. In Peterſburgh, under the moſt admirable management and moſt vigilant inſpection of the Empreſs Dowager, 1200 die annually, out of 3650 received. In Moſcow, with every poſſible advantage, out of 37,607 admitted in the courſe of 20 years, only 1020 were ſent out.

In ſome of theſe hoſpitals it is attempted to rear the children in the hoſpital itſelf; in others they are given out to nurſe in the country. Experience has decided in favor of the latter plan; it is leſs expenſive to the ſtate, the mortality is leſs, the children are more likely to become efficient citizens, and ſoon become uſeful to the people to whoſe care they are intruſted. It has, however, been objected, that it is almoſt impoſſible to ſuperintend the treatment of children, when diſperſed ſo widely; and that it will be impoſſible to find nurſes ſufficient, where the foundlings are numerous. Theſe objections, however, are not ſolid; for it will be more eaſy to find a ſufficient number of nurſes who will undertake the rearing of a child in their own houſes, than who will immure themſelves in an hoſpital; and if, to ſave the number and expenſe of nurſes, you commit to the care of each, in an hoſpital, ſix, five, or even four children, ſome of whom are generally diſeaſed, you condemn all to a ſlow and cruel death. The ſuperintendence of their treatment is of little conſequence; for it will be inſufficient to prevent it, if the nurſes feel not ſome affection for the child, and where they do, it is unneceſſary. Though attended with theſe and other inconveniences, this method of aſſiſting theſe helpleſs beings is to be preferred; and accordingly we find it ſanctioned by the Britiſh Parliament, which, in 1761, paſſed an act for obliging all pariſhes within the bills of mortality to ſend all children under ſix years of age, within a fortnight after they were born in or received into the workhouſe, to a diſtance not leſs than ſix miles from London, to be nurſed until they are ſix years of age. Dr. Price allows that this act prevented many deaths, and Mr. Howlett reckons, that a diminution of 2100 burials a year has been occaſioned by it. Indeed, in nurſing hoſpitals, the mortality is dreadful, the ſufferings of the infants extreme.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION.

Now ev'ning ſpreads her ſable wings,
A pleaſing ſilence reigns around,
Nature lies hush'd in undiſturb'd repoſe,
Wrapt in the ſoft embrace of ſleep profound:

But contemplation wings her flight
And takes a wide extended view,
Of ſcenes which riſe in diſtant lands,
Nor fears the trackleſs journey to purſue.

Across the billowy main ſhe roams,
And hears unmov'd the wild tumultuous wave;
Where oft whole navies are deſtroy'd,
And many a victim finds a wat'ry grave:

There Europe's diſtant ſhores ariſe,
Where ſtorms of war are heard again;
And deſolation wide, extends
The horrors of her unrelenting reign.

See at her nod what numerous victims lie;
Hark what deep groans from dying heroes riſe!
While mix'd, the widow's and the orphan's plaint,
To heav'n, in mournful accents riſe.

Oh war! thou fell deſtroyer of our race:
When will thy devaſtation ceaſe;
When will mankind with general accord,
Conſpire to cultivate the arts of peace!

But other ſcenes my thoughts invite,
In climes beneath the flaming ray,
Where diſtant far from wint'ry ſtorms,
Perpetual ſummer holds her ſway:

Tho' here the ſeaſons ſmile, injuſtice reigns
With unrelenting hand;
Here groans the injur'd African,
Beneath the oppreſſor's ſtern command.

Torn from their native home and all moſt dear,
Their friends and kindred they behold no more;
Condemn'd in chains to croſs the ſtormy ſeas,
And land in miſery on a foreign ſhore:

There, 'mid the heat of torrid climes
Compell'd a life of labour to purſue,
All hopes of future happier hours,
Forever vaniſh'd from their view.

Yet time will come, when mercy ſhall erect
Her throne above the oppreſſor's ſway;
Injuſtice ſhall no more prevail,
But ſcatter'd be by truth's celeſtial ray.

Now memory recalls my wandering thoughts
Again, to thoſe abodes moſt dear,
Where firſt mine eye ſurvey'd the dawn,
And mark'd the progreſs of the rolling year.

May no rude hand diſturb thy peace,
Nor warlike ſounds be heard in thee:
But 'midſt the conteſt of a troubled world,
May'ſt thou remain from ſcenes of diſcord, free.

May happineſs her beams diſpenſe
Without a cloud to intervene,
And health, with joy and plenty in her train,
Shed ſplendor o'er the ever-varying ſcene:

May praiſe aſcend to that great ſource,
Whence all our various bleſſings flow;
And while his favours are enjoy'd,
May we our gratitude conſpicuous ſhew.

M. L.

Philad. 3d Mo. 8th, 1806.

Singular Ceremonies at the burial of Mr. John Underwood, of Whittleſea in Cambridgeſhire.

At his burial, when the ſervice was over, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed a ſmall piece of white marble, with this inſcription, *Non omnis moriar*, 1733. Then the ſix gentlemen who followed him to the grave ſung the laſt ſtanza of the 20th Ode of the 2d book of *Horace*. No bell was tolled, no one invited but the ſix gentlemen, and no relation followed his corpſe; the coffin was painted green, and he laid in it with all his clothes on; under his head was placed *Sanadon's Horace*, at his feet *Bentley's Milton*; in his right hand a ſmall Greek Teſtament, with this inſcription in gold letters εἰμι εν τῳ σωτηρι, J. U. in his left hand a little edition of *Horace*, with this inſcription, *Muſis Amicus*, J. U. and *Bentley's Horace* under him. After the ceremony was over they went back to his houſe, where his ſiſter had provided a cold ſupper; the cloth being taken away the gentlemen ſung the 31ſt Ode of the 1ſt book of *Horace*, drank a cheerful glaſs, and went home about eight. He left near 6000*l.* to his ſiſter, on condition of her obſerving this his Will, ordered her to give each gentlemen ten guineas, and deſired they would not come in black clothes. The Will ends thus—*Which done I would have them take a cheerful glaſs, and think no more of* John Underwood.

[*Gent. Mag.* 1733.]

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—*New-York, March* 19.—Laſt evening the faſt ſailing ſhip Oliver Elſworth, Capt. Bennit, arrived at this port in 40 days from Liverpool.—The news by this ſhip is upwards of 40 days later from England than heretofore received—the Editors of the New-York Gazette having received London papers to the FIRST OF FEBRUARY. From the papers now before us, it appears,

That in conſequence of the French victories, a ſeparate peace has been concluded between the Emperors of Germany and France.

This connected with the death of Mr. PITT, as well as that of Lord Cornwallis, are conſidered ſerious events to Great-Britain.

The Star of the 31ſt of Jan: ſtates, that two gentlemen landed the day before at Dover from an American brig from Rotterdam, who ſaid great hopes were entertained in Holland, that a general Peace would ſoon be brought about through the mediation of the king of Pruſſia.

It was alſo ſuppoſed in England, that ſoon after the organization of the new Miniſtry about to take place, that negociations for peace would immediately follow.

The treaty of peace between the Emperors of Germany and Auſtria and France, ſhall be given to-morrow. It contains 24 articles, and was ſigned at Preſburg on the 26th of December. It appears, that France is to poſſeſs all the territory beyond the Alps. The Emperor of Germany renounces all the republic of Venice, and acknowledges Bonaparte king of Italy; but it is provided, that, as ſoon as the conditions mentioned in the declaration made by Bonaparte when he aſſumed the crown of Italy, ſhall be fulfilled by the powers therein named, the crowns of France and Italy, ſhall be for ever ſeparated. The titles aſſumed by the electors of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, are thoſe of the king of Bavaria and king of Wirtemberg. This treaty comprehends Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden and the Batavian Republic, as allies of France. The independence of the Helvetia Republic is acknowledged. All the commercial relations of the contracting parties to continue on the ſame footing as before the war

The Emperor Napoleon has officially communicated to the Senate of France, that a marriage was to take place on the 15th of Jan. between his ſon Prince Eugene, and Princeſs Auguſta, daughter of the king of Bavaria—and gives this as a reaſon of his not returning to Paris as ſoon as he otherwiſe intended. Bonaparte's communication on this ſubject is dated Munich, Jan. 6.

January 23.—*Death of Mr.* PITT.—This virtuous and diſtinguiſhed ornament of human nature cloſed his earthly career on Thurſday morning at half paſt 4 o'clock, an event that, in the preſent ſtate of things, cannot but be conſidered as a loſs to the world at large, as well as to his country. He expired without a ſtruggle, and although his frame was completely exhauſted by the ſeverity of his diſorder, he retained the powers of his mind to the laſt and awful moment which terminated his exiſtence in this world.

Jan. 29.—The HEIR APPARENT is naturally conſulted through all the ſtages of the arrangement, at the expreſs deſire of the King.

Lord Grenville will no doubt be Firſt Lord of the Treaſury. Mr. Fox, of courſe, the principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, an office which has invariably been the object of his choice. Mr. Windham is likewiſe named as Secretary of State for the War Department; ſo far we believe to be ſettled. Whether Earl Spencer, Mr. Grey, or the Marquis of Buckingham, goes to the Admiralty is not decided. Earl Moira is expected to have the Maſter-Generalſhip of the Ordinance; and Earl Fitzwilliam, if his health permit, will probably be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is thought that the Seals will be put in commiſſion, but that Mr. Erſkine will ultimately become Chancellor.

January 30.—MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.—The friends of this country, and the admirers of true worth have another great ſubject of regret in the death of this moſt amiable Nobleman. The melancholy tidings arrived yeſterday, in diſpatches dated the 23d of October, 1805, which were brought by the Meduſa frigate from Bengal. G. A. Robinſon, Eſq. Private Secretary to his Lordſhip, was the bearer of theſe diſpatches.

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DOMESTIC.—*Waſhington, March* 17.—The nomination of Mr. Armſtrong, as *Envoy Extraordinary and Miniſter Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid*, was this day approved by the Senate, by the caſting vote of their Preſident. The nomination would have been rejected if a member preſent (who was hoſtile to the appointment) had voted.

Canker Worms.—I obſerved under the Agricultural head, in the Repertory of 28th ult. a communication from the Middleſex Gazette, on the deſtructive depredations committed on our Orchards, by the canker worms—but was much diſappointed on reading it, to find it in ſome reſpects ſo erroneous.

The idea that thoſe Inſects which appear in the Spring of the year, are the production of eggs depoſited the ſeaſon previous, is very incorrect.

Through the early part of my life I lived in the Country, and during the time the canker worms made ſuch ravages, I had the care of ſome Orcharding, which was preſerved from any ſerious injury, although the neighbouring Orchards, were year after year, entirely deprived of Foliage, and many Trees eventually deſtroyed.

Theſe worms diſappear in the ſummer, all at about the ſame time, and are not again ſeen until early in the Spring following, when they appear, though in quite a different form, aſcend the Trees and depoſit their eggs.

Thoſe which produce the eggs, are a thick brown Inſect, about half an inch in length, without wings, and are called the GRUB; the others, are a ſmall white MILLER.

They may be ſeen the firſt mild evening in the Spring, frequently before the banks of ſnow all diſappear, from Sun ſetting through the evening, crawling up the trunks of the Trees. Sometimes indeed, has been ſeen, the Grub, aſſiſted in its aſcent by the Miller.

The method adopted for the deſtruction of theſe inſects, and which proved ſucceſsful, was that of tarring the trunks of the trees, at the time they were about to aſcend, where they were caught and could not extricate themſelves.

Tar for this purpoſe ſhould be thin, and by warming it, may be eaſily put on with a common paint bruſh.

Where the worms have been very numerous the preceding ſeaſon, it will generally be found neceſſary to apply the tar every night; where they are not numerous it may be omitted every other night, by mixing aud ſimmering a ſmall proportion of ſome kind of oil with the tar, to prevent its becoming hard before the ſecond night; the neceſſary width, for the tar to be applied, may be determined by the inſects being more or leſs numerous. I have known them in one night entirely cover the tar, 4 or 5 inches in width, ſo that others could paſs over unobſtructedly.

Many other experiments were made within my knowledge, but none with ſucceſs.—By the method recommended in the communication alluded to above, many of the worms might be deſtroyed, but not before they would conſiderably injure the trees, and indeed, would be a work of conſiderable time.

It has been conjectured by ſome, that tarring is injurious to young trees, by binding the bark—but this injury may be prevented by ſcraping off the tar, ſoon after the ſeaſon for tarring is paſt. A BOSTONIAN.

[*Boſton Repertory.*

GROG MARKETS.

A writer in the Albany Gazette, ſtates, that there are *one hundred and ſeventy four* licenſed Grocery Stores, and *ſixty ſeven* Taverns in the city of Albany; or about one grocery ſtore or tavern for every *five* families in the city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TIMOTHY FUN-DEALER,

We think with thee thy second essay
Proves thou most certainly art, "crazy"
And "like a silly witless wight"
"Devoid of common prudence quite."

MILTIADES is diſmiſſed not for the want of merit, but becauſe we think it improper to eulogize the living.

CLEO is received.

CALEB THISTLE ſhall be the CAPTAIN BOBADILL of our next number.

The lines on the death of *Miſs S—— S——*, appear to have been written in haſte, and we think them too defective for publication.

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